THE

MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

Five Points House of Industry.

Terms, One Dollar per Year.

Vol. XXI. NOVEMBER, 1877. No. 7.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED AT THE INSTITUTION, 155, 157, 159 WORTH STREET.

Five Points House of Industry.

TRUSTEES.

MORRIS K. JESUP, PRESIDENT. GEORGE F. BETTS, SECRETARY.

HUGH N. CAMP, TREASURER.

FREDERICK G. FOSTER,	A. VAN RENSSELAER,
CHARLES ELY,	CHARLES LANIER,
D. LYDIG SUYDAM,	DAVID S. EGLESTON.

INCORPORATORS.

MORRIS K. JESUP,	GEORGE F. BETTS,	HUGH N. CAMP,
FREDERICK G. FOSTER,	D. LYDIG SUYDAM,	A. VAN RENSSELAER
CHARLES ELY,	WILLIAM W. MALI,	GEORGE M. LEFFERTS
O. HARRIMAN,	J. H. EARLE,	HIRAM BARNEY,
WM. SMITH BROWN,	D. WILLIS JAMES,	J. J. GOODWIN,
W. E. CALDWELL,	G. H. MORGAN,	C. B. TATHAM,
DAVID S. EGLESTON,	L. M. PEASE,	CORNELIUS N. BLISS,
WILLIAM T. BOOTH,	JOHN SLOANE,	WM. A. CAULDWELL,
ARTHUR J. PEABODY,	CHARLES LANIER,	R. A. WITTHAUS,
DORMAN B. EATON,	WILLIAM W. ASTOR,	CHARLES S. SMITH.

WILLIAM F. BARNARD, Superintendent.

Day-School—Every week-day, Saturday excepted, from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.
Sunday-School—At 2 o'clock P.M.
Children's Service of Song—Every Sunday at 3 1-2 o'clock P.M.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath unto my executors, in trust, to pay over to the Trustees of the FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY, in the city of New York, (incorporated A.D. 1854,) or its Treasurer for the time being, the sum of dollars, to be applied to the uses thereof.

Ex Libris
SEYMOUR DURST

AVERY
DURST

MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

Five Points House of Industry.

EDITED BY W. F. BARNARD, SUPERINTENDENT.

VOL. XXI. NOVEMBER, 1877. NO. 7.

THANKSGIVING

will be observed as usual at the House of Industry. Services in our chapel commencing at twelve o'clock, noon, lasting one hour; dinner at one o'clock; and at two o'clock we shall again have exercises in our chapel. The usual programme of songs, glees, hymns, etc., will be carried out, and we shall repeat this year Geo. F. Root's Cantata "The Flower Queen," during the afternoon. We are sure that our friends who have once enjoyed the day with us will have no less pleasure in visiting us this year. Mr. Theodore E. Perkins will have charge of the afternoon music, which fact is sufficient to insure good singing.

We shall also follow the time-honored custom of opening our doors to the miscellaneous crowd of "out-door poor," whom we shall feed in such numbers as we have means to do with. There are a good many of the wretchedly poor who get a good meal here on that day who seldom during the year know what it is to have enough to eat. We therefore see no harm in giving them one occasion for real thanksgiving. If our friends furnish us the means we shall keep open house.

Financially the House of Industry is very badly off and we are hoping that the following appeal, which we shall send out, will meet with a response equal to our necessities:

OFFSITE
HV
365
.N5
H37
v.21:no.9
(1877:Nov.)

THANKSGIVING FESTIVAL AT THE FIVE POINTS!

November 29th, 1877.

In making their annual appeal for help the Trustees urgently present the claims of this Institution to the public, because :

First. The Institution is almost entirely dependent for its support upon the voluntary gifts of the public.

Second. It is ELEVEN THOUSAND dollars in debt because the contributions of the past year have not been equal to the *necessary* expenses.

Third. It is entirely *unsectarian* in its work, all classes, all creeds, all nationalities are received and cared for.

Fourth. The necessities of the poor are greater than ever before, as is evident by frequent applications to take children, from parents respectable and worthy, who heretofore have been able to care for their offspring, but who are now, by reason of the lack of work, *entirely unable to support their families.*

Fifth. It never closes its doors to the cries and wants of the very poorest children, except from lack of means, and has admitted such even when largely in debt, believing that the Great Master, who cares for all, would own and bless the efforts of the Institution.

Sixth. It has no agent or collector to whom a commission would have to be paid, hence every dollar is expended for the support of the House.

The following is a statement of the year's work :

FOUR HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT meals given.

FORTY-FOUR HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVEN articles of clothing given away.

TWELVE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIVE pairs of shoes used.

TEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE children in school. Average attendance FOUR HUNDRED AND ONE.

The Institution has sheltered TWENTY-THREE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND FORTY-TWO since its organization.

The public are at all times welcome to visit and inspect the House.

Food, second-hand clothing, shoes, and money, will be very gratefully received.

The safest mode of remittance is by check to the order of HUGH N. CAMP, Treasurer.

On Thanksgiving-day most interesting services will be held in the Chapel, at twelve o'clock, and again at two o'clock. The children will sing, recite, perform calisthenic exercises, etc.

At one o'clock, dinner will be served to the children in our spacious play-room, where visitors may see them at the tables.

At two o'clock, if sufficient means are furnished, the annual dinner for the outside poor will be served—an affecting sight.

All interested are cordially invited to enjoy the day with us.

If there is any goodness left in material we can use it and will be very grateful to get it.

A SONG OF THE HARVEST.

On the sunlighted hills,
By the musical rills,
There is treasure of golden grain;
And aye where the trees wave their boughs in the breeze,
Or the broad spaces lie with their breasts to the sky,
The sickle is busy again.

In the early morn
To the standing corn
The reapers come with zest,
And they labor well with strokes that tell,
Till the ears lie low on the sods below,
And the evening shall bring them rest.

All the bright warm day
Do they cleave their way,
And they work to a merry tune,
For the plants are bread, and crowds shall be fed,
Since our Father has answered the prayer they said,
And the winter shall come full soon.

In the busy street,
Where the people meet,
They talk of the golden grain;
And they pray together for sunny weather,
The best to win as they gather in
The harvest wealth again.

For God is good,
And he sends the food
Which his children daily need;
And the harvest song as it floats along
Is full of praise, for the sunny days
That God doth the prayer-cry heed.

We see again
That our fears are vain,
And he will our good increase,
We are happy once more, and we gladly store
The gifts of his hand that are decking the land
In this time of light and peace.

What shall we render
For love so tender
And care that is never tired?
What musical lays, what gifts of praise,
Can we bring to our Friend whose love has no end,
And who gives what our hearts desired.

Alas! to the King
No gems can we bring,
No silver or gold is ours;
But we love him more for our autumn store,
And we'll not forget that he loves us yet
And will serve him with all our powers.

—*Marianne Farningham, in Christian World*

We welcome visitors to the Institution at any time and friends can see what we do on any day during the week.

The House is easy of access standing on Worth St., which is the sixth street north of the City Hall. Fourth Ave. cars pass within half a block, also Bleecker St. and Fulton ferry cars, going up-town, cross the street near us, while one branch of the Second Ave. cars goes by the door.

Judge ——, of Toledo, Ohio, has a little four-year-old boy, who, one day when company was present, wished a seat at the table, but was sent away with the remark that his whiskers were not long enough for him to sit there. The little chap took a seat by a stand, where the servant gave him his dinner. While eating, the house-cat came purring round him, when he said,—

"O, go off! Your whiskers are big enough to eat at the other table."

We let our blessings grow mouldy, and then call them curses.

SOME WORDS TO MOTHERS.

Is there a sight more lovely in all the world, than that of a dear aged mother, sitting down at last to rest awhile before she goes hence, in the midst of noble sons and daughters that she has reared and trained up for grand and useful work in the world? How her heart swells with joy and pride, as she sees them one by one, taking up their life work bravely, ready for anything the Master has for them to do. She forgets the wearisome years of toil, anxiety, and suffering which they have cost her. She has her abundant reward now, and is satisfied Calmly and sweetly she lies, a precious weight, upon their hearts and hands, and they vie with each other in doing honor and reverence to the mother who has done so much for them.

But the *young* mothers, with their restless "hindering things" clinging to them, filling their lives with constant, anxious care, how surely must the angels have especial charge from God to minister unto them. There are a great many kinds of mothers in the world. Some are weak and indulgent; some are fussy, and over-anxious. There are sickly, fretful, impatient, quick-tempered mothers, and in their hands lie the soft, tender hearts of children, to be molded and trained up for time and eternity. Oh! it is fearful to think of, and how *dare* a mother undertake such a responsibility, without the strong arm to lean upon, the All-Wise to run to for wisdom and strength? There are also wise, loving, faithful mothers who take each helpless little child as a direct trust from God; who think there is no work on earth to be compared with this. She may have heart and hands full of other cares, but she will never neglect the little ones. She will find use for every power of her being, every grace of learning and culture she has acquired, every delicate shade of womanly tact, and skill, to keep the busy, restless little ones amused, happy and good. Many a child gets into serious trouble from the very smallest beginnings. He gets up in the morning cross and fretful perhaps, as we older children often do, and goes on from bad to worse, until it becomes necessary to punish him severely. Nine times out of ten a few quiet words will divert his mind into some pleasant channel and all this is avoided. These wise, tender mothers keep their hearts in loving sympathy with their children. Whatever grieves or troubles them they carry straight to her, sure that she will enter heartily into it and make it easier to bear, if she cannot remove it altogether; and no pleasure or joy is complete until they share it with her, and see that she too is pleased. That boy who has his mother for his dearest earthly friend cannot take pleasure in anything that would grieve her. The habit of telling her everything, knowing that she *trusts* him and believe he will do right, is a powerful restraint, stronger than any command could be. And this is possible, it is *certain* to be so, if she will make herself a loving *friend* to her child, never repulsing his little outbursts of affection or confidence, winning him with such tender interest and sympathy that he finds it his greatest delight to open his heart freely to her.

Among a true mother's countless opportunities, she prizes most and makes much of the last hour of the day. Happy is she when she can fold the baby in her arms, and have the other tired heads resting upon her knee, while she talks with them about the dear Saviour that took little children in his arms and

blessed them, how he loves them still, how he looks down into their hearts to see whether they love him, whether they try to be kind and loving to each other, whether they are trying to do better every day they live. Their little hearts grow soft and tender, and the precious seed sown in such an hour will spring up and bear precious fruit. And when she kneels with her arms about them, and commits them to the loving care of the Good Shepherd, the mysteries that are hidden from the wise and prudent are revealed unto them, and their childish faith and trust in God is perfect and complete.

Dear blessed mothers, be of good cheer! It is worth all it costs of self-denial, toil and pain, as step by step we lead our precious ones onward and upward, until they are able to stand alone, noble monuments of our faithfulness and God's mercy. We need not be overburdened and anxious for their future if we are only faithful to them *now*. But beware lest these little daily opportunities slip by unimproved; beware lest while we sleep the enemy sow tares in the young hearts, that shall spring up with the good seed and cause us unspeakable sorrow and pain. We ourselves may remain unnoticed and unknown, but these little ones clinging to our knees may become a power that shall move the world; our sons become right royal kings and princes as God looks on them, and our daughters *mothers* wiser and better than ourselves.—*Mrs. A. W. Curtis, in the Advance.*

A TRUE thanksgiving is to have others share in the mercies we are recipients of, and certainly no other class in God's word promises such remembrance from Him as His poor, and so we appeal for help.

IF the adult poor should touch our hearts with sympathy for their needs surely the helpless children ought to excite our deepest pity, and such little ones are to be found at the House of Industry.

SERIOUS ACCIDENTS.—What a dreadful place a school-house must be, and what shocking things happen there, if the talk of school-children is to be relied upon! Yesterday noon I heard a dozen of them speaking about the various incidents of the day. It was impossible to catch all they said, as three or four talked at once, but I managed to learn these startling facts:

Nelly Jones coughed fit to *split her sides!*
Kitty Carson nearly *died with laughter.*
That Lawrence boy actually *boiled over* with rage.
The teacher's eyes *shot fire.*
Nelly Murray recited *loud enough to take the roof off the house.*
Robby Fitz's eyes *grew as big as saucers.*
Tommy Hudson almost *ran his feet off.*
Susie Jennings *thought she'd burst.*
Ellen Walters *broke down completely.*
And yet it was an ordinary school-day.—*St. Nicholas.*

THE CHILDREN'S BED-TIME.

THE clock strikes seven in the hall,
The curfew of the children's day,
That calls each little pattering foot
From dance and song and livelong play,
Their day, that in our wider light,
Floats like a silver day-moon white,
Nor in our darkness sinks to rest,
But sets within a golden west.

Ah, tender hour, that sends a drift
Of children's kisses through the house.
And cuckoo-notes of sweet "Good-night,"
That thoughts of heaven and home arouse;
And a soft stir to sense and heart,
As when the bee and blossom part;
And little feet that patter slower,
Like last droppings of the shower.

And in the children's room aloft,
What blossom shapes do gaily slip
Their dainty sheaths, and rosy run
From clasping hand and kissing lip,
A naked sweetness to the eye,—
Blossom and babe and butterfly
In witching one, so dear a sight!
An ecstacy of life and light.

And, ah, what lovely witcheries
Bestrew the floor! an empty sock
By vanished dance and song let loose
As dead birds' throats; a tiny smock
That sure, upon some meadow grew,
And drank the heaven-sweet rains; a shoe
Scarce bigger than an acorn cup;
Frocks that seem flowery meads cut up.

Then lily-drest in angel-white,
To mother's knee they trooping come,
The soft palms fold like kissing shells,
And they and we go singing home,—
Their bright heads bowed and worshiping,
As though some glory of the spring,
Some daffodil that mocks the day,
Should fold its golden palms and pray.

Then kissed, on beds we lay them down,
As fragrant-white as clover'd sod,
And all the upper floors grow hushed
With children's sleep, and dreams of God.
And as our stars their beams do hide,
The stars of twilight, opening wide,
Take up the heavenly tale at even,
And light us on to God and heaven.

—*Jane Ellice Hopkins, in Macmillan's.*

WEEDS.

ONE of those rare times in winter, when the snow seems suddenly to disappear for a few days, and when the ground has that peculiar warm, earthy smell which promises spring some time, I stole a day from my patients, and went into the woods. I took a basket with me to gather green things, of which the winter woods are fuller than we are apt to think; for I knew this "January thaw" would probably be the only chance for me till late in March.

I found plenty of mosses, flakes of green with their brown fruitage; and the warm melting snow had so loosened their hold upon their native rocks, that I could take them up in great pieces like carpets. I found plenty of ferns, too, aspidums and aspleniums, which had lain still and cold, but evergreen, pressed down flat by the weight which had been above them. And at their base the funny woolly knobs, from which new ferns will grow, seemed to have been packed up in such a small space purposely for my benefit. Then there were the shining leaves of low blackberry, the curious rattlesnake plantain, and stiff stalks of white-vein pipsissewa, and bright vines of mitchella with its double red berry. Of course, I gathered the trailing lycopodiums, and the branches of pine and hemlock and holly, to adorn our picture frames at home; but of these I have no story to tell. Of the *little things*, I made a fernery simply thus: I put them all into an immense brown baking-dish, mosses first, layer upon layer, fern

knobs half buried among them, vines running over them, and pipsissewa planted upright. I love all ferneries ; but the glass ones have a suggestion in them of wax flowers under a shade ; and at best one is reminded of a greenhouse, while I, who spent my boyhood in the country, never feel such a thrill as when I lay hold of a piece of the veritable healthy old woods of New England. So you will see I left the little brown pine-needles sticking here and there all over the moss, and should not have thought my "woods," as I called the contents of the baking-dish, complete without them.

By and by a blade of grass struggled up, my New England palm, I called it, and guarded it carefully. Then the ferns began to uncurl ; and I learned every curved tip of them by heart, and saw the first faint white shadows of the fruit dots.

Then the little oxalis made its way from beneath the moss. Its leaves were exquisitely folded, more beautiful, because finer than those of the pink oxalis which grew in a hanging-basket in the room. And when it opened its little yellow bell, we agreed there was nothing more exquisite to be seen in the greenhouses. "Why, mamma," said our little Mary, "that's wood sorel ! You told me it was a *weed* when I was weeding the flower-bed last summer." And, though mamma is not a young woman, she actually blushed.

Next came the daintiest little climber and twiner with three parted entire leaves. Neither of us was botanist enough to know its name ; but we comforted ourselves, thinking it would blossom some day, and meantime watched it enthusiastically as it put out one lovely little tendril here, and clasped trustfully a tall fern there, and in general grew gaily on, regardless of all rule. The funny thing about that plant was, that it never blossomed, but it did go to seed ; at least none of our eyes ever saw buds or blossoms, and suddenly one day we noticed seed. I confess we made a little journey about this time ; and it may have taken advantage of us and flowered then. We called it "The Botanical Anomaly," and were about to send an item to the *Naturalist* on the subject, when a learned friend happened in one day, and quenched us by the remark, "Bless you, that's hog peanut ! It has a purple flower." My wife is too polite to contradict ; but in the bosom of her family I heard her murmur, "Hog peanut, indeed ! Besides, *this* plant never blossomed."

Next came the ragworts with their scalloped leaves, purple-lined, and grew vigorously, and lighted up the fern forest with their golden flowers. And a little white violet, with its dark penciling and sweet breath, opened in one little nook. Then came up a plant in a great hurry ; and it grew and grew and grew, and opened its green leaves, and divided and subdivided and re-subdivided them, till it threatened to overshadow all the "woods," but finally took to blossoming in great clusters of little white umbelliferous flowers. We called it water hemlock ; my scientific sister called it *Cicuta maculata ;* but the children insisted that it was Jack's beanstalk.

I cannot tell you all the wonderful things which grew in this humble earthern dish. They were not "rare" things like those in my wife's fernery, to be sure, save in the sense that these tiny and shy wild creatures are rarely looked at.

Well, all winter we watched the unfolding of my little wood-plants, when, lo, in the spring, we found ourselves, as N. says, quite demoralized. You see, we

could not keep our garden in order. First we spared the little oxalis in our weeding, of course we had not the heart to root that out ; and then Ben was so unreasonable as to examine the pretty little red-and-yellow bells of the tall sorrel, and insist that that should not be sacrificed ; and when mamma, whose eye for order is so exquisite that it sometimes interferes with her eye for beauty, suggested mildly that the flowers needed a microscope to be appreciated, and were therefore unsuitable for the garden, the unpractical Ben cried out enthusiastically, "But the shape of the leaves is so wonderful and unique !"

And then Mary, who was studying botany, went out to weed the portulacca-bed one day, and discovered it overrun with purslain. Did she weed it? Not at all. She put out her thumb and finger to pull out a piece, when she suddenly stopped and started as if a great thought had struck her. Then she brought out her big "Gray's Manual" and three minutes after, crying, "*Eureka!* Papa, I've discovered a new variety of portulacca in our bed : I thought we had only six species, and we have seven. And this new one has such beautiful leaves too. And even the dry old botany condescends to be quite poetical about it. Of course, it tells about the 'obovate' form, and says 'sessile' and 'fugacious,' and 'sepals keeled,' and all such nonsense ; but then it says, 'opening only in sunny mornings.' So we must be sure to look at it pleasant days, papa."

Mamma was dismally silent when she saw the discovery ; for she well knew what it boded. But papa upheld Mary, and told her she had a truly philosophical eye for the morphology of flowers, and that her soul was akin to that of the great Goethe, to all of which she replied, I grieve to say, after the manner of the nineteenth century,—

"Papa, I believe you're chaffing."

Mamma, who does not like to grieve the children, determined to hire a boy without such keen æsthetic sensibilities as our family possesses, to weed the beds ; but unfortunately Mary came in from school in the midst of it, and exclaimed in consternation that that hateful boy had pulled up all the beautiful *Chenopodium album*. "Please, Miss," said the boy, "that's pigweed."

"Pigweed !" said Mary loftily, and, gathering up some fragments which lay in the path, she adjusted them under the microscope.

> "Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
> How does your garden grow ?
> Silver bells and cockle-shells,
> And roses all in a row,"

I said, with an attempt at severity.

"Look and see if these are not the 'silver bells,' at all events," said my child triumphantly.

"It is so !' exclaimed mamma enthusiastically,—"a green leaf encrusted with pearls and silver. There is not so pretty a thing in the garden."

Of course that was the end of the weeding. Everything ran rampant, according to his own sweet will. Yet more : Ben actually began to *import* weeds. He began by bringing in a rare and beautiful fern, which he found while away on a visit, and brought carefully home in his hands, thirty miles by rail. Now Ben is artistic, rather than scientific, and was no whit daunted when we pre-

nounced the mystical name "tansy" over his pet. If his fern would blossom, all the better for the garden.

And then Mary pleaded that the yarrow leaves were more delicate yet, and finer than any fern, and that St. Johnswort vines were altogether lovely. All this being true, behold them brought in! Next we had the pretty climbing buckwheat twining around our rosebushes. We admired its halberd leaves, and its little flowers, and especially its shining winged fruit. Alas for that fruit! The next year we had a garden full of climbing buckwheat. We could not object to the "golden threads strung with pearls," of the dodder, of course; but the herbs on which it grows do give a somewhat unkempt appearance to a garden-plot; and perhaps our dainty little cousin, who is "*so* fond of flowers," was not really to be blamed when she came to see us, for asking why we had given up our garden. There was an ominous silence, but Ben had his revenge; for a month later, he gathered half a dozen blossoms of various kinds, which he carefully pressed, and marked with Latin names of his own invention. I remember only that the little low mallow was called "*Cheesorum*," and the common mustard "*Smarticum*." These he enclosed to his cousin as rare greenhouse plants; and he received the following reply:—

My Dear Benjamin:—The flowers are truly beautiful. There is wonderful delicacy and at the same time richness of coloring, even in these pressed specimens. Do try and get me some seeds of them, *especially* the *Cheesorum* and *Smarticum*.

In great haste, your affectionate &c.

You see to what we have come in our family; but yet, as I say to them, "My dears, what *is* beauty, after all?"—*Dr. J. G. Smith, in Old and New.*

During the summer our girls earned some little money, in various methods of work, which will be used this fall in supplying them with what otherwise would cost the Institution some money.

The nursery of little folks is worth seeing, and we are sure that no one who loves children could help being delighted at the sight. Come and see them, bringing something for their support.

Family Worship—A traveler says, "One of the most beautiful images that ever rose upon my imagination was suggested to me by a chance delay for two days among the lakes and mountains of the Trosachs Glen. I happened to make the inquiry what became of the villagers, so suddenly disappearing at nightfall from the streets, and a sandy-haired Scotchman replied, 'Most of them would be at prayers about this time!' And I looked up into the fair blue sky and thought how fine a thing it would be to have a resting-place high enough just to hear the murmur of voices as they read a verse about, and sang one of the old psalms before the impressive hush in which the father offered prayer. How grand would be the swell of sound, when a whole village was going on its knees before God!"—*Selected.*

BEN HAZZARD'S GUESTS.

BEN HAZZARD'S hut was smoky and cold,
Ben Hazzard, half blind, was black and old,
And he cobbled shoes for his scanty gold.
Sometimes he sighed for a larger store
Wherewith to bless the wandering poor;
For he was not wise in worldly lore,
The poor were Christ's; he knew no more.
'Twas very little that Ben could do,
But he pegged his prayers in many a shoe,
And only himself and the dear Lord knew.
Meanwhile he must cobble with all his might
Till, the Lord knew when—it would all be right,
For he walked by faith, and not by sight.
One night a cry from the window came—
Ben Hazzard was sleepy, and tired, and lame—
"Ben Hazzard, open," it seemed to say,
"Give shelter and food, I humbly pray."
Ben Hazzard lifted his woolly head
To listen. "'Tis awful cold," he said,
And his old bones shook in his ragged bed,
"But the wanderer must be comforted."
Out from his straw he painfully crept,
And over the frosty floor he stepped,
While under the door the snow wreath swept.
"Come in, in the name of the Lord," he cried,
As he opened the door and held it wide.
A milk-white kitten was all he spied,
Trembling and crying there at his feet,
Ready to die in the bitter sleet.
Ben Hazzard, amazed, stared up and down;
The candles were out in all the town;
The stout house-doors were carefully shut,
Safe bolted were all but old Ben's hut.
'I thought that somebody called," he said;
"Some dream or other got into my head,
Come, then, poor pussy and share my bed."
But first he sought for a rusty cup,
And gave his guest a generous sup,
Then out from the storm, the wind and the sleet,
Pussy joyfully lay at old Ben's feet.
Truly, it was a terrible storm;
Ben feared he should nevermore be warm.
But just as he began to be dozy,
And pussy was purring soft and cozy.
A voice called faintly before his door;
"Ben Hazzard, Ben Hazzard, help, I implore!
Give drink, and a crust from out your store."
Ben Hazzard opened his sleepy eyes,
And his full-moon face showed great surprise,
Out from his bed he tumbled again,
Teeth chattering with neuralgic pain,
Caught at the door in the frozen rain.
"Come in, in the name of the Lord," he said,
"With such as I have thou shalt be fed."
Only a little black dog he saw,
Whining and shaking a broken paw.
"Well, well," cried Ben Hazzard, "I must have dreamed:
But very like a voice it seemed.
Poor creature," he added, with a husky tone.
His feet so cold they seemed like stone,
"Thou shalt have the whole of my marrow bone."
He went to the cupboard, and took from the shelf
The bone he had saved for his very self,
Then, after binding the broken paw,
Half dead with cold went back to his straw.
Under the ancient blue bed-quilt he crept,
His conscience was white, and again he slept.
But again a voice called, both loud and clear:
"Ben Hazzard, for Christ's sweet sake come here!"
Once more he stood at the open door,
And looked abroad, as he looked before.
This time, full sure, 'twas a voice he heard;
But all that he saw was a storm-tossed bird,
With weary pinion and beaten crest,
And a red blood-stain on its snowy breast.
"Come in, in the name of the Lord," he said,
Tenderly raising the drooping head,
And, tearing his tattered robe apart,
Laid the cold bird on his own warm heart.
The sunrise flashed on the snowy thatch,
As an angel lifted the wooden latch.
Ben woke in a flood of golden light,
And knew the voice that had called at night,
And steadfastly gazing, without a word,
Beheld the messenger from the Lord.
He said to Ben, with a wonderous smile,
The three guests sleeping all the while:
"Thrice happy is he that blesseth the poor,
The humblest creature that sought thy door,
For Christ's sweet sake thou hast comforted."
"Nay, twas not so much," Ben humbly said,
With a rueful shake of his old gray head.
"Who giveth all of his scanty store
In Christ's dear name, can do no more.
Behold, the Master, who waiteth for thee,
Saith: 'Giving to them, thou hast given to me.'"
Then, with heaven's light white on his face,
Amen,
I come in the name of the Lord," said Ben.
"Frozen to death," the watchman said,
When at last he found him in his bed.
With a smile on his face so strange and bright,
He wondered what old Ben saw that night.
Ben's lips were silent, and never told;
He has gone up higher to find his gold.

—Anna P. Marshall, in Congregationalist.

INCIDENTS.

The question oftenest asked in our office is, "Can you not help me by taking care of this child or children?" It is often better to shelter and support children than to give money and so a very practical way is to take care of the little ones.

A mother with a child begs us to shelter her children. Her husband is dead and she cannot earn enough to support herself and the children but can work, and is anxious, if we take care of the children, to go to work. We receive them.

A gentleman who has had living with him for a long time one of our boys comes to say that he is compelled to break up his home and consequently has no home for the boy. In speaking of the boy he gives us the encouraging fact, that he does not remember, in all the time of his being with him, that he has heard the boy use a disrespectful word. We do not expect perfect children but this statement goes far to encourage us in the belief that our children are at any rate, on the average, as good as anybody's.

An American man, whose wife died in a hospital a month ago, comes with the statement that he is utterly unable to provide a home for his little girl nine years old. He is a mechanic who in good times could earn a living, but just now is without money. He has testimonials as to his character and ability, but those will not, of course, give him bread. His story is undoubtedly a true one and so we receive the child for awhile, free, until the man can see what he can do better.

A woman who was recommended by a friend as worthy and hard-working, is anxious to procure admission for two children. They are good-looking little girls, and believing that we may help the mother we admit them.

A mother, holding a sick babe in her arms, applies to us for assistance. She tells a pitiful story of want, and declares that she has been to several institutions, all of which decline to receive her child. That the child needs care is evident by its appearance and we propose to the mother to come in herself with the baby. She hesitatingly assents to the proposition and goes out to make arrangments to come back, but we do not see her again.

A German woman, with two children, is sent bya friend of ours who vouches for the respectability and worthiness of the case, and as she has no means of support we receive the two boys.

A poor sick woman, who is evidently in the last stages of consumption, has three little boys whose support she is unable to provide for. She does her best to work but she can only work for a little while and then stop for the coughing. She cannot live long and we give her the comfort of knowing that the children shall be cared for by us.

KATIE'S TREASURES.

In the soft October sunshine,
'Neath the forest's golden eaves,
Roamed a merry band of maidens,
In a crimson rain of leaves.
And 'mid ringing bursts of laughter,
Fluttering through the misty air;
All their young hearts' cherished treasures
Each with other did compare.

"I dwell in a lordly mansion,"
Cried a pair of scarlet lips,
"In the carpets' tufted roses,
Deep my lightest footfall dips.
Oh! the curtains and the pictures!
But more beautiful than
You should see the western sunlight
Creep along the painted wall."

"Listen," quickly cried another,
"Listen now, I pray, to me:
Years ago there was a necklace
Borne across the deep blue sea;
In its velvet-cushioned casket,
Stars could not so brightly shine,
But this chain of prisoned rainbows
By-and-by will all be mine."

"I have not such wondrous j wels,'
Proudly spoke another voice,
"But I'd rather have my *father*,
If I had to take my choice.
He has grown so very famous—
People almost kis hiss hand
And in time, I'm very certain,
He'll be ruler of the land."

Thus ran on the eager voices,
As they gayly had begun,
Till some tale of wondrous treasure,
Every child had told, save *one*.
"She will not have much to tell us,"
Whispered they, "poor little thing!"
But with smiles said blue-eyed Katie,
"I'm the daughter of a King!"

Then they laughed; "O princess, tell us
Where the king, your father, dwells:
Do your mighty palace portals
Swing at touch of golden bells?"
Meekly answered gentle Katie,
Pushing back a floating curl,
"All the shining wall is golden
Every gate a single pearl.

And more glorious than the sunrise
Through the purple morning mist,
Brightly glow the brave foundations,
Jasper, sapphires, amethyst.
And within—such wondrous treasures!
Oh, what happiness to see!
hen home my Father calls me,
He will give them all to me."

Then the little maids grew thoughtful,
And they looked with tender eyes
On the sweet-faced little Katie,
Gazing upward to the skies.
And they said, "O happy princess!
List'ning for the great King's call,
You have found the greatest treasure,
You are richest of us all."

—*Lynde Palmer, in Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

The House of Industry is an asylum as well as a charity day-school, so that there are a large number who are wholly supported (at present 276) in the House.

The day-school has an average attendance of 350, all of who m are dependent on the House for food and clothing.

NO TIME TALKS.

"Did you ever see anything so lovely! Dear Aleck look? The most beautiful place in the whole world is right here in this conservatory."

Aleck fanned himself with his hat, snuffed the hot air, and looked contemptuously around. "Well, then, if you want my mind, I'd rather be home in the woods. These flowers look exactly as I feel when I've got my Sunday clothes on."

"Aleck!" I exclaimed, "you have no taste. These flowers are all very highly cultivated. You can understand their beauty no more than you can understand the necessity of wearing clothes. Wait for a little experience before you begin to talk."

"You can take your cultivation," said Aleck, sullenly, "I don't want any of it."

"But," came Mamma's clear and sweet voice, "a certain degree of cultivation is necessary for all;—so it is not forced or false. Aleck is partly right, and as usual, mostly wrong; but come this way. This clump of pansies is cultivated and, hark! one is speaking."

Mamma bent down, we all hushed to hear the low, sweet tones.

"I'm only a poor violet. I heard just now that lady in black say, 'Wait for experience.' Will you wait for mine? I am cultivated!

In that one word hides all my misery. My heart steals back to the old dear time when I was natural, a strong wood violet, with healthy blood all over my body. How I would bathe in the sunshine and the dew; and bend back bravely before the wind, and reflect the stars of God in my soul all the pure night! Can I ever forget the simple dress I wore, like the amethyst in the ring on my mistress' hand? Alas! the day the gardener found me! I heard him say that by cultivation I might be made a beautiful flower. I did not know what a terrible thing cultivation was. It was torture. It was torture. I rather enjoyed the journey, I was taken up so tenderly and placed in such an easy position. To be sure, I became very thirsty and faint, but a cooling drink at last rallied me directly. Ah me! it was the last happy sensation I have experienced. Immediately they began giving me more drink and much richer food than I was accustomed to. My complexion changed to a dark purple, and I dressed accordingly. It was to me a mourning dress. I grew so very large I was quite ashamed of myself, but the gardener was satisfied.

How I suffered last winter! Once my voice penetrated the thick smother of covering the gardener had piled upon me.

'Oh, pray stop, you will kill me. I was never used to but a leaf or two.'

He answered, 'Then you were in your natural state; a cultivated plant needs care.'

But, oh this spring! Believe me, when I tell you I am not allowed to unfold in God's good time. I was put into a room they called a hot-house. No one can imagine how dreadfully I suffered. My head ached to bursting, and urged on by the fever pains, I grew abnormally, stretching forth weak, white arms, begging to escape from my prison. Then it was that I most longed for my quiet home, and even to be trampled under foot by careless, happy children.

My spirit is mostly broken. By and by I shall begin to droop, and be thrown out to live or die as best I can. It seems as if I get bluer and bluer every day.

I shall not be sorry when all is over. The jaded faces and distorted figures that bend over my poor beauty, show me that sometimes little children suffer from "cultivation" as well as flowers.

Oh, friend, listen to me! If you've a simple, natural face, keep it; if you possess an unaffected manner, don't let it be cultivated entirely away from you. Look at me! I am a poor invalid, made so by high living. I am forced to affectations, both in dress and manner, and no one would recognize the sweet wood violet I once was."

Mamma turned round and drew the children out into the cooler air. Aleck's face looked as if it was wondering whether the flower had really talked, or his mother had talked in flower language.

But Sibyl said: "Mother, I guess I *will* have my new cambric cut with one ruffle instead of three; and you needn't draw it so tight across the front if you don't want to."—*Lulu Hall, in the Advance.*

Our friends are usually pleased with the economy we practice in our clothing department. Last year we used more than four thousand garments and over twelve hundred pairs of shoes, all of which were furnished at no cost to the House of Industry save that of material necessary for repairs.

We are very thankful for donations of second-hand clothing and shoes and will send anywhere for such donations on notice being sent us.

Good Morning.—Don't forget to say "good morning!" Say it to your parents, your brothers and sisters, your schoolmates, your teachers—and say it cheerfully and with a smile; it will do you good, and do your friends good. There's a kind of inspiration in every "good morning" heartily and smilingly spoken, that helps to make hope fresher and work lighter. It seems, *really* seems, to make the morning good, and to be a prophecy of a good day to come after it.

And if this be true of the "good morning," it is also of all kind, heartsome greetings. They cheer the discouraged, rest the tired one, and somehow make the wheels of life run smoothly.

There are few wild beasts more to be dreaded than a communicative man with nothing to communicate.—*M. de Boland.*

It is a great art to be able at all times to tell less than you know.—*Anon.*

One may be *sincere* without being safe.—Prov. xvi. 25

A LITTLE CHAIR.

Oh! the children, happy children,
Smiling everywhere they go:
Some as brown as autumn berries,
Some as fair as winter snow.

Some with eyes as blue as morning,
Some with eyes as dark as night,
Some with faces strangely thoughtful,
Some with faces strangely bright.

And while I gaily greet them,
Back my heart returneth, where,
In my room, amongst the flowers,
Stands a baby's empty chair.

But, alas! the laughing darling,
That in precious by-gone days,
Sat there, never more will cheer me
With his pretty naughty ways.

Cunning feet placed on the table—
When his noontide meal was o'er—
Cup of milk poured on the sugar,
Spoon and fork dropped on the floor.

Oh! the children, happy children—
Yes, I meet them everywhere:
But at home, amongst my flowers,
Stands a baby's empty chair.

Then when mother's face grows cloudy,
Little arms around me thrown,
Little hands my cheeks caressing,
Sweet lips pressed upon my own.

—*Selected*

THANKSGIVING THOUGHTS.

The annual festival of thanksgiving is at hand, and we, at the House of Industry, have cause for thankfulness that God has blessed us during the year. We have been mercifully spared from any severe epidemic of sickness and have not been compelled to send our children away without food, although we have been very troubled for money, having been compelled to borrow until we have reached the large indebtedness of $11,000. We have reasons for believing that the truth is doing its legitimate work among our inmates and that the spiritual welfare of our family is encouraging. For, after all, the sum and substance of our work does not rest only in the ability to feed and clothe teh boys and girls here, but that they may be trained foru sefulness hereafter. We thank God then for His blessing upon our labors and believe He has yet more for us to do for Him here.

Do Not Wait.—"I wish I was a big woman, to help you, mother," said a little girl.

"Bring mother's thimble; that will help me," said mother, smiling.

Just as if God meant for little children to wait until they grow up before helping their dear parents! No, no! God gave them two nimble feet on purpose to take steps for mother, and eight fingers and two thumbs on purpose to bring and carry for her.

We have some forty girls who can sew and who do a great deal of our work, so that garments sent to us are repaired, re-cut, or altered, as the case may be.

If the basket and store are well supplied at home may we press upon you the need of supplies at the House of Industry.

Money Received for Record, from Oct. 1 to Nov. 1, 1877.

Beyers, M.	$1 00	Moore, Mrs. J. A. C., Gold Hill, Nev.	$5 00
Mason, B., Yonkers, N. Y.	1 00	Reed, Com., A. V., Washington, D. C.	1 00

Money Received from Oct. 1 to Nov. 1, 1877.

"Blessed is the man that considereth the poor; the Lord shall deliver him in time of trouble."
"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord."
"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

NOTICE.

Being satisfied that the lists of donors, as printed in Reports of the charitable societies of the city are used by solicitors of alms to aid them in calling upon such for help, we have concluded to save our contributors such annoyance by printing only initials, of donors in the city, unless otherwise requested, as we make it a rule to acknowledge all gifts by mail.

A. V. D. B.	$1 00	Pomeroy, Mrs. H. B., Troy, Pa.	$ 5 00
Belden, Mrs. Rev. H., Parkville, N. Y.	1 00	Ripley, Mrs. G. B., Norwich, Ct.	1 00
Cash, Brooklyn	2 00	Ross Brothers, Leith, Ca., with premium	26 12
Children's Fair, New Ipswich, N. H.	1 00	S. E. T.	100 00
First Congregational S. S., Norwich, Ct.	10 00	South Cong. S. S., Pittsfield, Mass.	20 00
Friend	25	Sunday Collection, Oct. 7	15 64
H. S. B	2 00	" " " 14	10 54
J. A. P.	10 00	" " " 21	3 83
J. J. G.	50 00	" " " 28	10 87
Paddock, Edward, Middleton, Ct.	5 00	W. W. A.	300 00
Paine, C. C., Troy, Pa.	10 00		

Donations of Food, Clothing, etc., from Oct. 1 to Nov. 1, 1877.

A. V. D. B. ..... clothing and shoes.
Belden, Mrs. Rev. H., Parkville, N. Y., 6 new aprons.
Converse, Mrs. P. S., Westboro, Mass., bbl. clothing and shoes.
Duncan, James G., large quantity cake and buns.
Eagle, Mrs. Com. ..... clothing.
Friend ..... 2 pkgs. clothing.
Friend ..... pkg. clothing.
Friend ..... pkg. clothing.
Gould, G. T. ..... pkg. clothing
Griffin & Wilde ..... 59 rolls cotton batting.
Gross, John L., Jr ..... lot books and clothing.
Halsey, Mrs., Brooklyn ..... bbl. clothing.
Heald, Mrs. D. A., Orange, N. J., pkg. clothing.
Hughes, J. S. ..... 3 pkgs. clothing and shoes.
Irvington, N. J. ..... bbl. pears.
Jerome, Rev. J. A., Great Bend, Pa., box books and clothing.
Lazaras, E. ..... lot of magazines.
Louazon, P. ..... bread.
Metropolitan Lunch Co. ..... 1,273 sandwiches.
Pigaolet, L. H., Brooklyn ..... pkg. clothing.
Quimby, Prof. E. T., Hanover, N. H. ... papers.
Reed, Mrs. Com. A. V., Washington, D. C., pkg. clothing.
Richardson, E. F., Brentwood, L. I. .. bbl. apples.
Ritchie, Mrs. A. H., Brooklyn, ... pkg. clothing.
Samson, Anna M., Stanley, N. J., 18 pairs new stockings.
Sanford, M. ..... bbl. clothing.
Tatum, Edward ..... pkg. clothing.
Seventh Ave. S. S. ..... pkg. S. S. papers.
Woodhouse, Miss ..... pkg. clothing.
Underwood, Mrs. R., Irvington, N. J., 6 prs. pants 1 jacket.
7 E. 32d Street ..... clothing and shoes.
41 West 26th Street, 2 bbls. bread pkg. clothing.
163 West 22d Street ..... pkg. clothing.
348 Bridge Street, Brooklyn ... 130 loaves bread.

CHICKERING

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT

PIANOS.

These Standard Instruments

Which have been for more than Fifty Years before the Public,

Still maintain their high reputation, and the award of the *Highest Recompense* from the most critical tribunals ever bestowed upon any Piano manufacturers, places them at the

HEAD OF ALL COMPETITION.

The leading Pianists of both Europe and America, including Dr. FRANZ L[ISZT], THALBERG, MOSCHELES, GOTTSCHALK, and others, have given the most flatt[ering] testimony of the

Superiority of the Chickering Pianos over all others

At the World's Fair in London, in 1851, they received *THE PRIZE MEDAL.*

At the Great International Exhibition in Paris, 1867, these Pianos were awarded a FIRST GOLD MEDAL, and the still higher recompense,

The IMPERIAL CROSS of the LEGION of HONOR.

As this was declared a superior award to the Gold Medal, and as CHICKERING & SONS were the only competing firm who received this *Supreme Testimonial*, we are justified in claiming a superiority over all other exhibitors.

Persons intending to purchase a Piano, are invited to send to us for *ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE*, (mailed free,) by which it will be seen that our Prices are as low as the Guarantee of First-class Materials and Workmanship will justify.

CHICKERING & SONS,

11 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

MISFIT CARPETS.

English Brussels, Three Ply and Ingrain, also, Stair Carpets, Velvet Rugs, Crumb Cloths, Oil Cloths, etc., very cheap at the Old Place

112 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK.

Carpets carefully packed and sent to any part of the United States free of charge.

☞ **CALL OR SEND FOR PRICE LIST.** ☜

J. A. BENDAL

CHICKERING & SONS' PIANO FORTE MANUFACTORY, BOSTON, MASS.

Exterior Measurement of Factory in Straight Line, 826 Feet..... .....Superficial Square Feet of Working Room, 224,370 Square Feet.